

The Evening World

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SAID on the Side.

DR. MAXWELL'S solicitude for the "90,000 breakfastless school children of New York" appears necessary, for the reason that the school of his concern do not exist. Is not the city generally overdoing its paternal interest in its children? Is it not attempting to assume parental duties which were best left to fathers and mothers?

Golf balls at \$9 a dozen manufactured by a company capitalised at \$1,000,000 are a far cry from the feather-stuffed balls with which the game began. "There's a million in it" nowadays for the manufacturer who ministers to the whims of a popular sport. Note by way of example the space given to automobile "millinery" at Madison Square Garden. What a bonanza the automobile bearskin has been to the tourist. The touring-car tonneau, as a vantage point for the display of costumes, has taken its place with the horse show box.

Jury verdicts will rub their eyes at the verdict of \$20,000 damages against the Metropolitan Street Railway Company for an injured spine. Such is the difference in the assessed value of human life on the opposite sides of the North River. In many States a man killed by a corporation has a fixed jury-room value of \$5,000. The jury, in England, estimated the

cash valuation of a professional man of thirty earning a moderate income at \$28,500.

Canfield's \$2,000,000 profits in Reading go to show the superior advantages of the "legitimate" game in Wall street over that which goes on behind grided doorways. In the Wall street game no axe ever smashes in or other interruption occurs.

Vice-President Lamb, of the Architectural League, told his Cooper Union audience that he "could get as much pleasure out of a ten-cent print as Mr. Morgan gets out of his \$120,000 paintings." The man who can do that has solved the problem of earthly happiness.

The Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Germany might, if they please, dispute with each other as to which of the two owns the greater number of palaces. Each might sleep in a different house every night for a month and not exhaust the number of his various dwelling-places. The Czar is said to own many country seats—which are kept up in every detail, furnished and furnished, and crowded with servants—into which he has never set foot. King Edward of England, while regularly occupying but four, has dozens of more homes which are ready for him at all times.

On The Public's Service.

The Evening World Will Print Here Every Day an

Editorial on Matters of Popular Concern

Why Not Shake Out the "Graft?"

MICHAEL J. COFFEY.
Former Alderman and Senator.

THE Brooklyn Daily Eagle announces a probable settlement of the suit brought by former Alderman and Senator Michael J. Coffey against the estate of the late Hugh McLaughlin for a bigger share of the Nassau Railroad rake-off. The parties at interest, it observes, do not desire publicity.

We should think not! But if the community had a bold and able custodian of its interests in its Law Department there could be a good deal of very startling publicity.

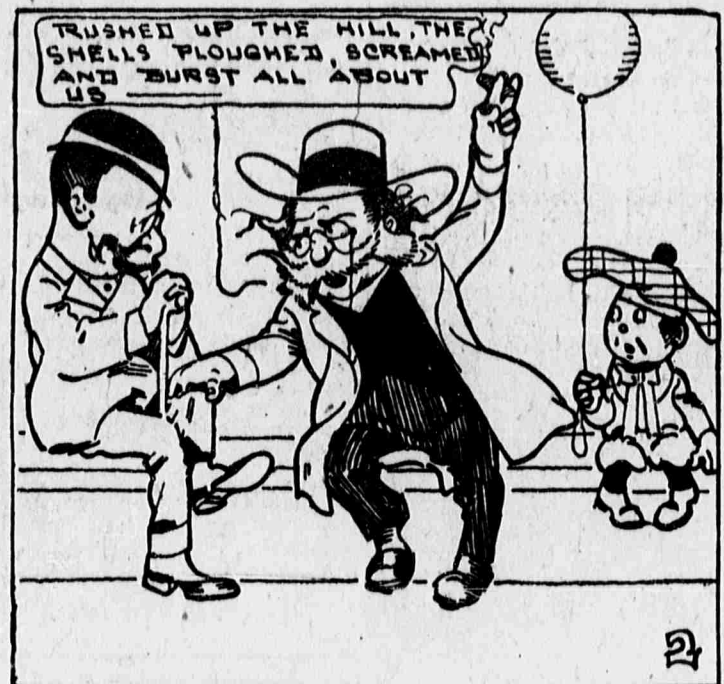
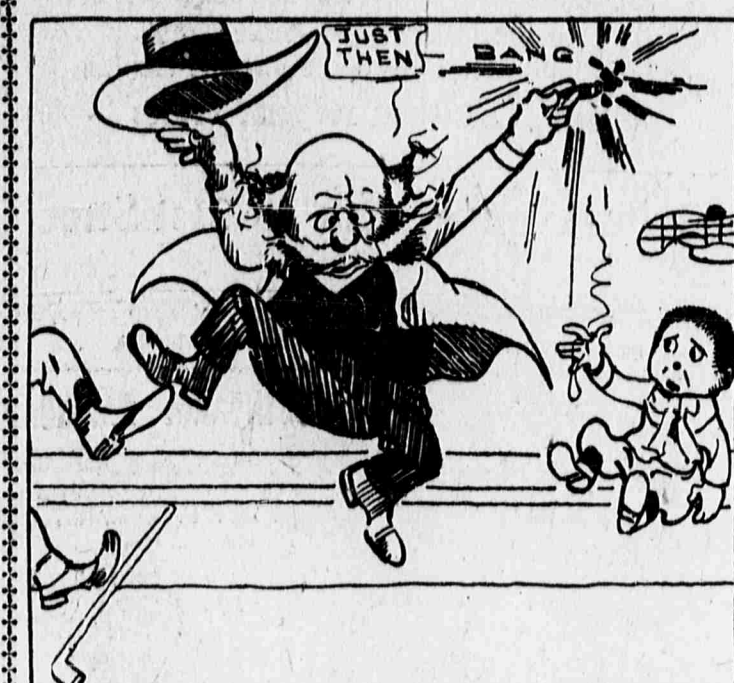
Ought there not to be some process of law whereby the property of the people could be restored to them? Ought it not be possible to wring from the Crokers, Coffeys, McCarrens, Shevlins and McLaughlins the securities in the various New York and Brooklyn street railway and lighting companies, and, let us add, of the Empire City Subway, which were given them in return for franchises that belonged to the town? There is a movement to get something back from the Empire City Subway Company, which owns the wire conduits so prettily and promptly filled by Mayor Grant when he cut down the poles. It should go further!

Corrupt corporations have preferred to give millions to political gangs while fighting taxes and every other suggestion of return to the municipality. Even at this price, the goods have gone for a song, and we now have before us the exhausted finances of the Metropolitan Street Railway and the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company to curse the community with inefficiency and neglect.

More than ten millions in par value securities were paid for the privileges named. It is no consolation to know that many of the rogues have become poor. The men who corrupted them are still rich and get-atable.

Major Chatterbox Recalls Brave Deeds

But a Slight Accident Shows That He Hasn't the Courage He Loves to Brag About.



A Duchess's Hobbies.

THE young Duchess of Marlborough is an expert billiard player. So fond is she of the game that it would surprise none of her friends if she were to find a perfectly appointed ladies billiard-room among the projected improvements at Blenheim House, for she has often announced her intention of doing so. Another of her hobbies is the collecting of strange animals, and in her garden at Blenheim she has quite a menagerie of creatures which she brought home with her from Egypt, including gazelles, vultures, pelicans and snakes.

Celibate Doctors.

There was once a time when doctors were doomed to celibacy. It was at the conclusion of the medieval period, when medicine was in the hands of the monks. In France the habit of celibacy persisted long after the practice of medicine had passed into lay hands. For two or three centuries the doctors protested, but in vain. The matter was finally laid before the Pope, and toward the end of the fifteenth century the vow was abolished.

He Mistook His Man.



DIP-A swell gent with a gold chain and "turnip." That for mine.



SWELL GENT-You have handcuffs got instead of joi watch. I am dot Sheriff of Germantown.

SOMETHING LACKING.

Nordy-We've got our church choir screened off so as not to be seen from the audience at all.

TERMS.

"Now, me good man," said the pompous stranger, who had signed "Viscount Harcourt, London," on the register, "what are your terms here?" "Cash in advance," replied the shrewd hotel clerk, promptly.—Des Moines Chronicle.

Sticks to Cradle.

THERE is a man of seventy in Paris, named Wallace Super, neau, who still sleeps in the cradle he was rocked in when a baby, and he has never slept one night of his long life on any other bed. The youngest of a family of boys, Wallace retained his place in the cradle as he grew older. He soon became too tall to lie in it full length, but he overcame this difficulty by drawing his knees upward. Each night to this day he rests his feet squarely on the bottom of the cradle, sways his knees to and fro, and puts himself to sleep as he did when a small boy. The habit was formed in babyhood and never broken.

A Novel "Ad."

A French firm is about to place on the market a novelty in postal cards. To an ordinary pictorial card is affixed a very thin transparent gelatine disc on which is impressed a gramophone musical record. A hole is pierced through the centre of the disc and the postcard can be placed on an ordinary "talking-machine" and played in the usual way.

The People's Corner.

Letters from Evening World Readers.

A Hat Query.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Which hat is proper to wear to a wedding—silk or velvet? WAITING.
If the wedding occurs before 6 P. M. wear a silk hat. If after 6 P. M. wear an opera hat.

Slow Bay Ridge Cars.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Permit me to write of the outrageous system by which the Bay Ridge-Ulmer Park cars are run. On many occasions I am kept waiting from twenty to twenty-five minutes in the bitter cold on the Third Avenue and Sixty-fifth street station. I presume this is but one of the many complaints made by the passengers. I for one heartily thank The Evening World for its unceasing efforts in trying to convince the B. R. T. officials that the public wishes to be decently treated.

Housekeepers Please Testify.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will practical housekeepers with experience please tell me how can two people live comfortably in New York City on an income of \$18 per week? I would like to see the detailed statement of some housekeeper who has had experience.

In The World Almanac, Page 85.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am a mother of thirteen children and having so many it is very hard to remember on just what days of the week each was born. I presume the dates of their birthdays (day of month and year) but not the day of the week on which each was born. Where can I find the dates of the week on which those dates fall?

One Happy Married Man.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I wish to inform Mr. Woodbury that there is one happy married man, and I can convince him of it. I work seven days a week. My home is my only club. I want no evenings out unless my wife can go with me. I have been married thirty-seven years and we have not had our first quarrel yet. My wife's aim is to live for me and mine is to live for her. J. E. GARY.
No. 71 East One Hundred and Thirty-eight street.

Mrs. Nagg and Mr.

....By Roy L. McCardell....

"W HERE is that stocking full of combings, Mr. Nagg? You didn't see it, you say? Oh, very well; but it is very strange to me that I can have nothing. I left that stocking full of combings hanging behind the mirror of my bureau and now it's gone. I can't have a thing of my own. No one respects me in this house, or my things would not be touched. I have been saving those combings for six months to make a 'rat' for if there is one thing I am particular about it is my hair. I can't wear those horrid 'rats' they sell at the stores, and as for wearing any one else's hair, that I would never do if I was bald as a billiard ball. If you had a heart in your bosom, if you cared anything for me, you would let me have my hair as I am, too! Oh, Mr. Nagg, it is nothing but worry and trouble that does it. Yes, I know you are getting bald, but not from worry, because you never worry about anything. Besides you could have saved your combings and have a nice toupee made. Mr. Smig has a toupee and you can hardly notice it at all. You should be ashamed of yourself when you see the way my hair is coming out, but you don't care, and now you've thrown out my stocking full of combings! Ah! Here they are in this top drawer. Who put them there? Why do people disturb my things? I never touch anything belonging to any one, and yet my bureau and chiffonier look as if burglars had been through it. Brother Willie was ransacking, you say? Mr. Nagg, may I ask why you always have something disparaging to say about my brother? He always speaks well of you. He has plenty of cause to say otherwise; but, then, he has the kindly, generous disposition of my family, and, no matter how you treat him, he is never late to his meals. You will be accusing him of stealing next. But he is like me; he would die before he touched a thing belonging to any one else. You miss money out of your pocket, you say? Oh, Mr. Nagg, send for a policeman and have me dragged off to jail! I took a few dollars out of your pocket to pay some bills. You were asleep and I did not want to wake you. All that I have you are freely welcome to, and surely a wife may have a little money once in a while. I have to meet the bills; you do not. You growl at the expense, but it is not my fault. You insist on having a good table, and the price of everything has gone up. And you fly into a rage because I need a little money. Did I say a word when you came in this room and hid my combings? I would not touch your combings. You didn't touch them? Oh, very well! I will not quarrel with you about it. I can see you are trying to quarrel, but I am like my own dear papa, who hated scenes and simply would not quarrel, and if any one said a cross word to him he would grow almost murderous, because he hated quarrelling so. He never allowed any one to say a word to him.

"You should be glad that Brother Willie is a good boy. He goes with nice young women. Of course, they are lively and full of fun, but there is no harm in them. He tells me that all the young Vanderbilts want to belong to his club, the Jolly Pallbearers. The night they had the little meeting here and broke all the glassware (but it was an accident) he had the nicest young men here. You doubt it, you say? Well, Mr. Nagg, did you meet Willie's friend Davy the Toad? No! Well, Davy the Toad is celebrated for his transom work. He has done transom work all over the country, in all the big hotels. He is so active as a transom. His mother must be proud of him. You may never, because he is working at his trade. But transom work is very dangerous; Davy the Toad told me so himself. Such a queer nickname; but, then, he is a hardworking boy and you should not censure him.

"Mamma will be here to-day, and I want to get some theatre tickets and take her to a matinee.

"It cheers her up so to see a good play. I do not care to go. I am always disappointed. Plays on the stage always end happily. Look how crustily you laughed at me when I took the children to see 'A Doll's House.' I thought it was something for children, but it was a cheat. Those theatrical people should be arrested for giving plays names like that just to mislead people and get their money. 'A Doll's House' is by that horrid Ibsen, and it is a gloomy thing, and has no music or dancing in it at all.

"Yes, I know you wanted me to take the children to see 'Babes in Toyland,' but after my experience with 'A Doll's House' I would not be misled again. The children got cross and ugly, but you did not have the trouble of taking care of them. That is the way every body treats me. And when I told you about it you laughed.

"A day will come, Mr. Nagg, when you will be sorry!

Bright Boy.

"Say, little boy, this penny has a hole in it!"
"Well, so has yer doughnuts."

The "Fudge" Idiotorial

Advice About Bathing.

(Copyright, 1905, Planet Pub. Co.)

A resident of Greenwich, Conn., who has just acquired his first bathroom, write with some excitement to ask HOW OFTEN he shall use the tub.

It is a difficult question to deal with. The Mahometans have a schism 1,000 years old as to whether it is better to WASH BEFORE or AFTER EATING.

The Arabs clean themselves with SAND, and the Russians steam themselves once a year with SPLENDID RESULTS.

It is doubtful if the Greenwich Water Company will let our inquiring friend use his tub more than ONCE a week.

He had better consult WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER and not The Fudge.

Nearly all the water the Greenwich Water Company has is in its stock.

It has little to spare for bathing. If there is much MUD in the tub after the bath do not be alarmed. YOU will not be to blame. It is a PRESENT from the water company.

Be glad that it does not send you EELS and MUD TURTLES!

Love Is a Malady, Says De Maurice Fleury.

DR. MAURICE FLEURY, a French scientist and physician, has astonished the medical world by announcing that after several years of study and analysis he has discovered that love is a disease, and that men and women do literally die of a broken heart.

Love infatuation is really a malady, he declares. "It has well-defined symptoms and is susceptible to treatment like any other disease known to the profession."

There are two kinds of love, according to Dr. Fleury. There is the "healthy"

love, which is as beneficial to the one it overtakes as the other kind of love, infatuation, is harmful.

"The latter he ranks as a strong intoxicant and one that is to be handled with just as much care and just as judiciously as alcohol.

In his investigations of people suffering from the love malady he has found well defined evidences of physical depression and consequent of the nervous system similar to the conditions found in the patient suffering from alcohol or drugs. His researches have made evident that in each case where the patient was in the advanced stages of the "malady" there was a previous failing of the bodily health and spirits and that love infatuation finds the majority of its victims among those who are not gifted with great powers of resistance.

"The strong are the ones in whom the healthy love occurs. But it is the easy victim to influenza, or any kind of severe cold, or insomnia, or the person whose health and spirits suffer with weather depressions, who becomes a ready victim to love infatuation. The man or woman whose health is always in good condition and whose vitality is maintained at a high point has little to fear from it."

In regard to treatment, Dr. Fleury says: "The victim of love malady should be treated in the same way as one would treat a dipsomaniac or morphomaniac. The 'poison' should be gradually suppressed and the bodily energy built up until the patient has regained the accustomed vigor. With the patient in a perfectly healthy condition, there is absolute assurance of a cure and little likelihood of a recurrence of the disease."

"What's the charge, officer?"
"What's a river the yer Honor?"
"Goodness me! What river did he mean?"

Grand Larceny.